all kinds of falsahoods to divert attention from their own acts of infamy. INTERVIEW WITH HUGHES.

Le Reiferates and Acknowledges the Sentiment Attributed to Him. special to the Indianapolis Journa.

WABASH, Nov. 5.-Prohibitionists here were somewhat surprised, yesterday morning, to learn through the Journal that Jasper S. Hughes, their candidate for Governor, had admitted that se had uttered the sentiment attributed to him in his conversation with Rev. Charles W. Rector, of Muncie. In his City Hall address, on Friday evening, Mr. Hughes repeated several times that he didn't say that he "would see the Republicans rot in hell a thousand years before he would vote the Republican ticket," following this denial with the expression that he "never used profane language." At the conclusion of his speech, your correspondent sought Mr. Hughes and asked him what, if anything, he had to say in reference to the Rector interview. His reply, as nearly as I can state it, was as follows.

"I met this man Rector on a crowded train, near Muncie, he occupying a seat with me. He antered into conversation with me, and finally said that he was in doubt as to which ticket, as a temperance man, he should vote, though he had always been a Republican. I then said that I would never vote the Republican ticket, no matter what pledges it would make. I do not remember the expression employed; but, while I did not use the oath as alleged, I indorse the sentiment of the reported utterance. It then flashed across my mind the fellow was a spy, and I quickly changed my seat, and he west into another car."

This is the substance of the conversation which was overheard by two or three Prohibitionists, and Mr. Hughes does not deny it.

He Has Thrown Off His Mask. special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Nov. 5 .- Another promipent Prohibitionist-Democrat has declared that he will vote the Democratic ticket. His name is T. E. Ballard, of Crawfordsville, who was was their candidate for Congress two years ago in the Eighth district, and who is now a member of the State committee. A hypocrite is worse than an enemy, and the left wing of the Democratic party is becoming demoralized.

FEATURES OF THE CLOSING WORK. Much Betting at Evansville in Which Mr.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. EVANSVILLE, Nov. 5 .- The lobbies of the St. George Hotel were the scene of great political excitement this evening, when \$11,300 were wagered on the general result of the election. Ex-Congressman Heilman again figured in the election betting as a supporter of Harrison, and \$10,000 was put up between him and Messrs. William Gavitt, Samuel Shackelford and Congressman Polk Laffoon, of Kentucky. Five hundred dollars was wagered between Edward Montgomery, of Petersburg, and Judge W. J. Wood, and the former also put up \$300 with Frank Morris and William Gavitt, the latter United States special treasury agent to Alaska. The betting is still progressing in smaller amounts, and is the occasion of the greatest excitement of the campaign. Mr. Heilman offered to bet \$10,000 more, and although a \$1,000 bet was offered by George Madden, of Louisville, he refused, stating he wanted nothing less than \$5,000. Several men of a sporting turn on the Democratic side have been telegraphed and it is probable that Mr. Heilman's \$10,000 will be covered before midnight.

A Good Meeting at Knightstown. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

KNIGHTSTOWN, Nov. 5 .- The Republicans held their last meeting on Saturday at 2 P. M. About 1,000 people, headed by the cornet band and a glee club, paraded the principal streets. Six poles were raised by them at the following places: Bell & Son's saw and planing-mill, at foundry of Wittenburg, Typer & Wittenburg and one each at the residences of Colonel Peden. L. P. Newby, H. L. Vestal, John Shipman and Chas. H. Haufler. In the evening a meeting was held at Bell's Opera-house, under the auspices of the Ladies' Harrison Club. Addresses were made by C. D. Mogan, Rev. Brewington, L. P. Newby, J. Lee Furgason and others. The meeting was a grand success. Every part of the hall was filled to the uttermost, and at the close of the meeting Miss Maggie Hill, on behalf of the Ladies' Harrison Club, with a neat little speech, presented a large and handsome flag to the Lincoln Loyal League, Chas. Rock, president of the league, accepting the same with an appropriate address.

Dearborn County's Final Rally.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. LAWRENCEBURG, Nov. 5 .- Saturday was a gala day for the Republicans of Dearborn county. The bright sunshine and the baimy air brought out the farmers from their homes, with their wives and children, the mechanic from his shop, and the merchant from his store. The day had been selected by the Republican committee to have a grand rally of the Republicans of Dearborn, and an immense crowd turned out. Hon. Warner Bateman and Judge Swing, of Ohio, addressed the people and pleased all who beard them. Good judges estimated the crowd at about 5,000. The procession was made of wagons, carriages and men on horseback, and was pronounced the largest ever seen in Lawrenceburg. Judge Swing's speech was especially acceptable to the people for the clearness and force of his arguments and illustration. When he closed with an eloquent appeal to all present to unite on next Tuesday and vote for Harriso and Morton to secare a victory for the American people, the andience took the stand by storm in their eagerness to shake hands with the eloquent

Republican Confidence at New Castle. Special to the Indianapolis Journal

NEW CASTLE, Nov. 5 .- On Saturday afternoon F. M. Millikan and others posted a \$1,000 wager: \$200 that Harrison would carry New York: \$200 on Indiana; \$100 on Connecticut, and \$500 that Harrison would be elected. At 11 o'clock Saturday night, after scouring the county, the Democrats raised \$300, which they put up as a forfeiture, the remainder of the \$1,000 to be put up by 2 o'clock to-day. This morning another \$1,000 wager, same as the first, was posted, and was taken by the Democrats. The Democrats then posted one of from \$1,000 \$5,000 that Cleveland would be elected, the money to be put up by 2 o'clock. One thousand dollars of this bet was called by the Republicans, but the Democrats failed to produce the money, and up to 6 o'clock this evening the money had not been raised. The Republicans then posted a third bulletin, offering a wager of \$25,000 that Harrison would be elected. It found no takers. The heavy betting caused great excitement. Republicans are confident, and are bulling the betting market.

Gen. Coburn and Mr. Swift at Spiceland. Special to the Indianapolis Journes.

SPICELAND, Nov. 5 .- The closing rally here this evening was noted for the large number of people present and for the enthusiasm that seemed to pervade everything and everybody. An immense tent had been erected for speaking purposes, but it was inadequate to hold the 5,000 people who tried to crowd into it, compelling the sides to be raised. Delegations came from all the neighboring counties, bringing with them glee clubs, bands and drum corps, and formed a procession that paraded the streets. After this Gen. John Coburn and Lucius B. Swift, of Indianapolis, addressed the gathering and were often interrupted with ap-

Will Vote for Fifer and Harrison. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. CARMEL, Ill., Nov. 5 .- To-day's St. Louis Republican contained the statement that Hon. Robert Bell and his brother, Col. James H. Bell, wheel horse Republicans, had both come out favoring Palmer for Governor. Judge Bell was immediately called upon, and gave the following reply: "I will vote as I have talked-for private Joe Fifer." This is also the brother's expression. Judge Bell has been deluged with telegrams asking as to the truth of the report. Nothing more abourd has been perpetrated. Both gentlemen are uncompromising Republicans, and have worked bard and unceasingly for the success of the whole Republican ticket.

Ira J. Chase to Parke County. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

BLOOMINGDALE, Nov. 5 .- Parke county was alive to-day. Hon. Ira J. Chase responded by his presence to telegrams and letters, and spoke for two hours at Marshall, in the afternoon, and for two hours at Marshall, in the afternoon, and you went away from home. You've learned to the largest audience ever assembled in our that from somebody with a long mustache!

town at night. Torch-light processions and loud hurrahs were to be seen and heard until a late

William Hill, formerly a through-going thirdparty man, has just returned from Missouri and Kansas a confirmed Republican, and gives his reasons to the public, in kind but vigorous language, for his change of mind.

Sweeney and Ferguson Close at Evansville.

Special to the Indianapolis Journes. EVANSVILLE, Nov. 5 .- W. Allison Sweeney and C. M. Ferguson closed the campaign here on Saturday night by addressing one of the largest audiences that has assembled here in several days. There were 2,500 people present, and the majority of the colored voters of this city were out to hear these distinguished colored orators. The Southern situation was ably discussed, and the eloquent appeals on behalf of the Republican party, and its fidelity to the colored race will not soon be forgotten. The brass band and glee club furnished excellent

Betting at Knightstown. Special to the Indianapolis Journal

KNIGHTSTOWN, Nov. 5 .- For some days the Democratic politicians here, backed up by some parties at Greenfield and Dr. Dillon and Theo. Morris, of Rush county, have been doing considerable street-talking, and offering to wager large sums on the election of Cleveland. They were all more than satisfied by some of our Republicans of means. Bets to the amount of \$825 were taken, and one wager of \$100 and one of \$1,000 were then offered by the Republicans, but were refused, one Democrat saying that he was "no durned fool; that he knew when he had enough."

Fired the Last Republican Matl Clerk.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. WABASH, Nov. 5 .- To-day M. Milliron, for eight years past a clerk in the Toledo and St. Louis railway postoffice, on the Wabash railway, received his discharge, though the department officials said he was honest and efficient. Mr. Milliron is the last of eight Republicans of this city, who held positions in the mail service, to receive his dismissal, and was the last Republican clerk on the Wabash run. He was discharged solely for the reason that he intended supporting General Harrison.

Republicans Wide Awake at Paoli. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

PAOLI, Nov. 5 .- Republicans here are splendid humor, and have a perfect organization. No gaps are down. The son of the Democratic county chairman, who has been betting freely on Cleveland, has withdrawn all his bets. The Democrats in this county are blue and demoralized, and generally concede the election of the county ticket to the Re-

Meeting at Fortville.

escial to the Indianapolis Journal. FORTVILLE, Nov. 5.-The greatest meeting of the campaign was held in the Harrison log cabin here to-night. Mr. Murray, of Colorado, made the best argument ever heard here, and the applause most certainly proved it. Mr. Perry was the first speaker and put the crowd on their mettle. Glee clubs from Indianapolis, and also Clarksville, furnished appropriate songs.

A Big Rally at Veedersburg.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal VEEDERSBURG, Nov. 5-The largest rally ever held in the county gathered here to-day. There were over 20,000 people in town, and in procession there were 736 horses and 4,359 people in line, making the demonstration over four times as large as the recent Voorhees rally. Fountain county will do her duty to-morrow.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The trustees of Columbia College, New York, have appointed Henry Thurston Peck to the vacant chair in Latin languages and literature. Three workmen on the Sny levee, near Hannibal, Mo., quarreled, on Sunday, and Ed Dyer fatally stabbed John King. The murderer es-

Thomas Little, of Altoona, Pa., sged about sixty-five years, died suddenly, last night, of heart disease. He was a bachelor, and lived a miser's life. Bonds and money to the amount

of \$60,000 were found in his trank. An investigation of the books of ex County Treasurer Wolff. who disappeared in September last from Yellville, Ark., shows a shortage of \$1,000, and will probably reach a greater sum. Robert Wolff, his son, was taken ill and died while searching for his father.

Steamship News.

LONDON, Nov. 5 .- Off Dover: Holland, from lew York. Off Kinsale: Spain, from New SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 5 .- Arrived: Elbe, from New York, for Bremen.

GLASGOW, Nov. 5 .- Arrived: State of Georgia, from New York. HAMBURG, Nov. 5 .- Arrived: Hammonia, from New York. New York, Nov. 5 .- Arrived: Normandie,

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 5 .- Arrived: Iowa, from

A Fatal Duel.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 5 .- Information has been received of a fatal duel between two well-known citizens of Elmer county, Alabama, at a point near Good Hope. The men. John Ray and W. T. Wilkenson, purchased a tract of land for speculative purposes last week. When the surveys were made a dispute arose as to who should take possession of a certain portion of it. Blows followed, but the combatants were separated. Friday they met and began firing at each other with pistols. Ray was shot in the heart and instantly killed. Wilkenson was so badly hurt that he only lived long enough to tell the story of the shooting. Both men were well known, Ray baving been the county treasurer.

Wants Damages for Breach of Promise. BROCKTON, Mass., Nov. 5 .- Miss Susie B Leach, the daughter of Lemuel Leach, of Campbell, twenty-four years of age, an attractive young lady, has brought suit, claiming \$10,000 damages, against Henry H. Litchfield, of Boston and Plymouth, for breach of promise of merriaga. Mr. Litchfield is forty years of age, is in the real estate business in Boston, and has considerable property. Miss Leach and Mr. Litchfield met in the spring of 1887, at Plymouth, and in the fall the wedding was fixed for December. Miss Leach gave up her situation and prepared her trousseau, but Litchfield failed to appear.

Trampled to Death by Horses.

LONG ISLAND CITY, Nov. 5.-Joseph Kugler, aged fifty-five, a milkman, was killed at College Point last night, by horses trampling upon him. Seven men on horseback, one of them named Meyers, a cowboy, were riding through the village at about 7 o'clock. Kugler was loading his wagon with milk-cans, when one of the men rode over him, and was followed by two others. One man attempted to shoot the persons who made an effort to rescue Kugler from under the horses' feet. No arrests have yet been made, but the police are after the men.

The Yellow Fever Record.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla, Nov. 5.—New cases, 39; whites, 16. Deaths, 2—Elroy Tousey and William Bensmer. Total cases, 4,316; total deaths.

Colored Republicans, about one hundred strong, are indulging in an impromtu parade tonight, the first notes of a band heard on the street, and the first sign of life after night fall for fully three months.

Fataliy Shot by an Employe. Louisville, Ky., Nov. 5 .- At the door of the Brownell Hotel, here, to-night, Daniel F. McDaniel fatally shot F. H. Pitt. Pitt is a lightning-rod agent, and McDaniel was in his employ. McDaniel made his escape. Pitt at first refused to cell what was the cause of the | reality, there is nothing in the world for them shooting, and is now unconscious.

Where She Got Them.

West Point Alliance. The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passing stopped in for a social chat. A large work-basket half full of buttons sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossipy nature, the visitor said: "You seem to be well supplied wish buttons, Mrs. Goodman." "Yes, very well indeed. "My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons my husband had on his last winter suit. I'd know 'em anywhere." "Indeed!" said the minister's wife, calmly. "I am surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the contribution box. So I thought I might as well put them to use, so I-what! must you go! well,

be sure to call again. Mamma Suspicious.

Bessie (just home from boarding-school)-I'm delighted to see you, mamma. (Kisses her.) Mamma (regarding her suspiciously)-Bessie, you didn't kies with a burrowing motion when

INDIANA AND ILLINOIS NEWS.

Arrest of Four Young Men for Killing and Selling a Diseased Cow.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 5 .- Some days age Henry, Riley, George and Harrison Eppard, four brothers residing at Reed's Station, a village about nine miles west of this city, killed a sick. injured and diseased cow, and sold the meat in this city. Persons who ate of the meat became violently sick. They were arrested to-day and gave bond for their appearance in the Circuit

Counterfeit Silver at Tipton. Special to the Indianapolis Journal

TIPTON, Ind., Nov. 5. - Counterfeit twenty-fivecent pieces of 1877 issue are again in circulation at this place, and several of them have been "shoved" on our merchants. On Saturday last the Tipton County Bank received a large deposit, and it was discovered that a ten-dollar bill had been raised to a fifty, and been received at the bank. The fraud was not discovered until evening, and the man who "shoved" it is net known.

Natural Gas at Columbus. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 5. - The people here are greatly excited this evening over the discovery of natural gas at the well which is being drilled east of the city. Trenton rock has been entered to a depth of about twenty feet, and an encouraging flow of gas was struck, which, when lighted, blazes up to a height of several feet. The people are elated, as this is the first gas that has been found here, although two other wells have been drilled.

Robbed by Highwaymen.

Secial to the Indianapolis Journal COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 5. - An exceedingly bold robbery was committed here, on Saturday night, which has just been reported to the police. James Clem, a sc wing machine agent, was passing along a principal street in the northern part of the city, about 7 o'clock in the evening, when he was held up by three highwaymen, and robbed of \$90 in bills, which were secreted in an inside pocket.

Miner Run Over by a Coal Train. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

KNIGHTSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 5. - Thomas Golden, a miner, about thirty-five years of age, while intoxicated, was instantly killed by the coal train on the North branch, at Knightsville, seventy cars passing over the upper portion of his head. The deceased was a widower.

Indiana Notes. William Poole, a single man, was struck and fatally injured by a J., M. & I. train at Cambridge City yesterday. Charles G. Parker, a wealthy wool and hide

merchant of Lafayette, died Sunday afternoon, of paralysis, aged seventy-three years. On Sunday night, Blaine, the four-year-old son of John Sohn, of Marion, died from frightful burns sustained while playing with the fire

the day previous. At Upland, on Sundry, an eight-year-old son of Michael Nelson attempted to board a moving Panhandle train, and was cut in twain. Death

While the little girl of Joseph Amstutz, a farmer near Maysville, was watching her father work in the field the horses started and the wheels of the plow ran over the child, killing

On Sunday, Rev. Charles Little, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, began the seventeenth year of his ministry at Wabash. The event was duly celebrated. Mr. Little is one of the best-known and most popular ministers in northern Indiana, and has declined calls to

larger fields. The three-year-old son of Charles Messecke, a farmer living near St. Louis Crossing, Bartholomew county, met with a fatal accident yesterday morning. He was playing in the barn when he fell from a beam to the floor below, a distance of ten feet. The little fellow's skull was fractured, and the injury will cause his

A singular coincidence in accidents is reported from Montpelter. On Sunday morning Dick Pursley went out to shoot a hawk, and by the premature discharge of his gun was mortally wounded. In the afternoon, Wm. Myers, of the same place, also went out to shoot a hawk, and was shot in the head by the accidental discharge of his gun. The former died, but the latter is expected to recover.

Illinois Items. J. W. Brown, a grocer of Leroy, has failed.

Liabilities, \$1,000. J. W. Boggs, representing a live-stock insurance company at Marion, Ia., is under arrest at Decatur on the charge of swindling a dozen Macon and Moultrie county farmers by getting them to pay him ten dollar fees for applications for policies, to date. The farmers have failed to receive their policies, and Boggs was arrested at Springfield. He will have his hearing in Decatur on Nov. 13, bail being fixed at \$600.

HOW A ROPE-WALKER FEELS. A Chapter from the Experiences of the Famous Blendin.

Lippincott's Magazine. I am often asked as to my sensations when walking the rope, but if by that is meant whether I feel fear or nervousness I must answer decidedly in the negative. When walking I look some eighteen or twenty feet ahead of me, and whistle softly or hum a spatch of a song as the humor may seize me. I also invariably keep time in my step to the music the band is playing, and I find that helps me wonderfully in preserving my balance. With my own weight and that of the balancing pole there must be about 230 pounds bearing on the rope, which naturally gives considerably, this sagging being one of the chief difficulties w have to encounter in keeping our balance. I prefer to perform in the open air, for in a hall or a theater even of the largest dimensions the vitiated air found at the elevation at which my rope is always stretched is most unpleasant to

breathe. Nowadays I never practice, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary my programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year or even longer without ever setting foot on a rope. and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice. As an illustration of the slight amount of practice I require for a new trick I may mention my bicycle act. Some years ago, when bicycles were somewhat of a novelty, it struck me that I could utilize one in my performance, and I accordingly had one constructed according to my directions, with a groove in the wheels to fit the rope, but otherwise of ordinary fashion. I ordered it to be sent to me some time before the peformance. so that I could try it, but it came just as I was making ready to appear. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, and, mounting it at once, I rehearsed successfully in view of a large audience, who probably thought I had been prac-

tleing for months. I never take any stimulant before walking the rope, and take no special pains to keep myself n good condition. My attendant rubs me down carefully when my journey is ended, and I then take some light refreshment. Otherwise Lonly live plainly and regularly, merely avoiding eating a heavy meal shortly before a performance. Finally, I may say that I prefer exhibiting without a net stretched below me. I think it would make me so nervous as almost to lead to the accident against which it is intended as a safe-

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have been professional assistants. In to be afraid of. All they have to do is to sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck, and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any indifferent subjects I can think about, and try, in this manner, to relieve his anxiety, and always caution him against looking downward when in mid-air. Somehow, though, he never seems quite happy, and I always detect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim

has devoutly exclaimed, "Never again!" My well-known trip over Niagara falls was doubtless productive of nervousness to those gentlemen whom I carried over on my back, and for myself it was one of the experiences of my life. I was elevated some one hundred and fifty feet above the torrent, and had to walk a distance of nearly 1,200 feet. During the winter of 1858 I took a journey down to Niagara falls with the idea of seeing whether the passage were practicable or not. I found that it was and made up my mind to the trip, but was obliged to defer it owing to the masses of ice and snow on either bank. Accordingly it was not until June 30, 1859, after several weeks of preparation, that I made my first trip across Niagara falls on a hompen rope. The rope itself was | Nov. 6 let this unlike that which I use at the present time. It i Northern State.

was formed entirely of hemp, and was about three inches in thickness, and its adjustment in place was in its way quite an engineering feat. The rope cost several thousand dollars, and remained in position for nearly two years. When the first exhibition was given there was not a little excitement. Special trains were run by the railroads, including the New York Central and the Great Western and Grand Trunk of Canada; while an enormous stand some balf mile in length, erected on either side of the falls, was filled with people. I continued giving exhibitions until 1860, when I crossed over on stilts before the Prince of Wales, who was making his well-remembered tour through America and Canada. I have been photographed while standing still in the center of the rope, and photography in those days was no lightning process. I have walked across in a sack made of biankets, have wheeled a barrow across, turned somersanits, cooked a dinner, and, as have said, carried a man over on my back.

It is doubtful whether I shall ever repeat this performance, for it would be difficult since the purchase by the Nation of Niagara Park to arrange for the congregation of spectators. When I crossed thirty years ago the railroad companies managed the whole affair; and the reason for the enormously long spectators' stand and fence they erected was the desire to shut out what are in this country, I believe, euphoniously referred to as "dead heads." I cannot attempt to describe the feelings excited in me by the sight of the hundreds of thousands of people who thronged the inclosure, but as to the trip itself I was perfectly unconcerned. I knew I should be as safe as though I were walking down Broadway. However, though I cannot truthfully say that I feel any symptoms of old age creeping over me, it is probable that I shall not much longer remain before the public; but when the day comes that I see my rope taken down for the last time and lay saide my balancing pole, never to resume it, I shall doubtless feel in no fit mood for congratulations.

INTERESTED IN POLITICS, And the Unpleasant Position in Which Two

Men Were Placed by That Interest. Old Subscriber, in the Jewelers' Weekly.

The report of a recent diamond robbery reminds me of a good story at my own expense. As it suggests a moral especially applicable just now, I will relate it for the benefit of others. During the election campaign in 1884 I was an active member of the Trade Club, which favored the election of my pet candidate on the national ticket. Business at that time was pretty brisk, so, between politics and diamonds, my time was fully occupied.

One afternoon about 2 o'clock, while I was figuring on the majority the candidates of my choice would receive, the bookkeeper for a firm over the way came in and asked to see me personally. He informed me that through his wife's intimacy with the wife of a big retailer he had an opportunity to fill a large order. He had only been with his firm a short while and felt a hesitancy about asking them to let him have the goods on memorandum. As he had been in my employ at one time, 1 let him have what he wanted. I had \$10,000 worth of loose diamonds in papers, which were fitted into a tin box. He wanted \$900 worth of small stones, so I opened one of the papers and he selected them.

The next day I missed a \$1,100 paper out of the same box. Now no one but myself had handled the box since the day before at 2 o'clock, when the bookkeeper had selected his goods. sent for him at once and charged him with the theft. He was so embarrassed that I knew he was guilty, but to my surprise he denied the theft. I had him arrested.

The matter did not get into the papers because the detectives deemed it best first to get a confession from the man' as to what disposition he had made of the property. The diamends he had obtained on memorandum were found in his inside pocket. As an explanation he said that he was not to deliver them until

that evening. They were returned to me. That evening I attended a political meeting, and after the adjournment got into a discussion respecting the probable majority of the successful candidates. In the midst of the argument, and in order to make some calculations, I drew from the upper pocket of my vest what I thought was one of my cards. I was so excited in the argument that not until I laid the elip of paper on the table, around which we were seated, did I notice that it was the "stolen paper." My friends tell me that I rushed from the room like a madman. All I remember is that when I reached police headquarters and asked to see the superintendent I was shown into his office, where that official himself was engaged in trying to extract a confession from the bookkeeper, who stood opposite him. I laid the missing paper of diamonds before them, and, with bowed head, explained the terrible mis-

I had been so occupied with politics that my customary carefulness had not been exercised. I then remembered distinctly having taken the packet out of the box before putting the latter in the safe and after the bookkeeper bad taken his departure. The act was committed while I was figuring on majorities, just the same as some men engaged in delivering an oration will toy with their watch chain without really knowing it at the time. What became of the bookkeeper? Well, that's him at the desk there. I thought you knew my partner.

Secure the Food First.

Chidago Times. The majority of persons who open up new farms invest most of their money in stock. They think that the animals will grow and multiply while they are improving their places and raising food for them. Many find at the end of their first year's operation that they have noth-ing to feed their animals except wild hay and a little sod corn. They have several litters of pigs, but next to nothing to feed to them. They can manage to keep their cows and steers on poor hay, but they will come through the winter in bad condition. Their horses will lose flesh if they do not have some grain, and they will need oats or corn to enable them to work in the spring. It seldom pays to purchase corn to feed to hogs, and a new farm is the poorest of all places to try the experiment with hope of success. If a man has good buildings and lives where corn is plenty he may make money by buying it and feeding it to hogs. With poor buildings and a scarcity of corn the prospect is good for losing money.

All kinds of farm animals will depreciate in value if they have nothing but wild hay to eat If they have been accustomed to better living they will not be likely to breed. Cows will fail to give much milk, and young cattle will gain very little. Horses must be well fed, especially when at work, or they will fall off in condition Improved stock of any kind run down very quickly when taken from the comfortable parters of a breeder to the place of a farmer who has poor buildings and no stock food but wild hav and a little sod corn. They are accustomed to warm barns, good care, and the best of food. If deprived of them they at once begin to lose flesh and vigor and in a year they begin to look like scrubs. No farmer should take fine animals to a place that is not prepared for them. Their superior condition when he buys them is partly owing to good blood and careful breeding, but more is due to good quarters, careful attention, and excellent food. Like their former owners, they have been accustomed to good food.

The farmer who has warm shelter for animals, a small field of timothy and clover, a thousand bushels of corn in crib, and an equal amount in oats is prepared to keep stock to advantage and with a good prospect for making money. He is prepared to bridge over an unfavorable season. He can stand one bad year for crops. He will not be obliged to buy food, to stint his animals, or to sell them at a sacrifice. He can then buy young animals of his neighbors who have not food to keep them and can purchase improved males to cross with them. A farmer who collects a considerable number of animals and has not a sufficient amount of suitable food for them runs a great risk. He is likely to lose financially. He is also likely to inflict cruelty on his animals. No humane man will be guilty of attempting to keep stock over a winter on insufficient or unsuitable food. A farmer who wishes to raise stock should provide food and shelter.

Corn Is King. Indianapolis Corn Miller.

It is prominently king this year. All expectations are more than fulfilled. The indications from the start have been that we would have an unusual corn crop. The wheat was not up to corn States is unusually good or indifferent, according as the corn crop is great or small. This year we beat the record. It is more vigorous than it has been in the past for some years. Heavy corn is frequently inclined to lay down. That is, when the yield is heavy; said a prominent dealer, a man of wide experience in crop udgment, corn will stand perfectly straight and pold itself in good condition until next March without being taken in. It will be a difficult matter to corner the corn market this year. There is too much of it. The recent wheat corner was developed from the fact that the surplus was small and with this narrow margin the market will be whip-sawed all around between now and the new crop year. The signs of the times point that way.

An Organized Fraud.

Detroit Tribune. The Democrat party was never more thoroughly rotten than it is to-day. It is simply a combination of various forms of corruption from head to foot, so far as its organization, its pur-poses and its practices are concerned. It is an organized fraud, and its existence is a standing threat to the political rights of the people. On Nov. 6 let this fraud be wiped out in every THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Ceremonies Attendant Upon His Election-The Procession on the 9th of November. November Century.

The Lord Mayor is elected from the twenty-

six aldermen, or heads of the wards into which the city is divided, by the votes of the livery—that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall on the feast of St. Michael, the archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall, with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the liverymen of his company, and so to prevent unauthorized persons from entering. The floor of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the medieval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six aldermen come in, all in scarlot gowns. The recorder or law officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and aldermen then go out; another law officer, the common sergeant, repeats what the recorder has already said, and tells the liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the aldermen will select one. Two names are then chosen and are carried to the aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and thereupon the Lord Mayor and the aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the chosen future Lord Mayor sitting on the left of the actual Lord Mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two names and the one selected, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election, "yea or no." They shout "yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the Lord Mayor-to-be and puts a chain around his neck. On the 8th of November there is another

meeting in the Guildhall. The old Lord Mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches, with three solemn bows, and hands to the new Lord Mayor a jeweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The swordbearer next advances, and bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the Lord Mayor-elect the great two-handed sword of state, which symbolizes justice and legal su-premacy. The crier, with bows equal in number and profundity to those of the sword-bearer, next approaches and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs next congratulate their new chief, who proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old Lord Mayor goes back to the Mansion House, his official residence, for the last

The next day, the 9th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's day, because on that morning the Lord Mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of which he is alderman, and proceeds in gaudy procession to the courts of law within the bounds of Westminster. Before his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the carriages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds; and of the main body of his own guild, all in their best official gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles, and their pageants, which vary according to each Lord Mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show which, as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city, enlivens them with brilliant color. Though often decried because it obstructs business for one day, should the progress of modern times abolish the custom it would be regretted by all who have witnessed

The Lord Mayor is presented to the Lord Chiefjustice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the high court of justice and invites them to dinner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will attend, and the Lord Mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be the greatest person, obliged so give place only when the Queen herself comes.

Potato Show in Ohio.

Correspondent Country Gentleman. Your correspondent has just finished two days' labor as awarding committee on the potatoes at the Summit county, Ohio, fair, held in Akron, which for variety and quality was ahead of anything I have ever before seen. In this county lives T. B. Terry, whose reputation as a potato-grower is national, and from whose success I have no doubt an influence emanates which is partly seen in this excellent exhibit. There were close on 500 entries of something over 150 varieties; besides this, there was a collection for exhibition from Mr. Stine, of this county, of 585 boxes, said to represent as many different varieties. This exhibition in itself would have been an instructive study had they been named in a legible manner, which they were not, and consequently nothing could be learned further than looking them over and seeing how dissimilar or how similar some of the varieties were to each other.

With few exceptions, the varieties for competition were true to name, and represented perfect types of the leading kinds in cultivation. To those of your readers who believe in the deterioration of the Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron and some other kinds, I would say that there were here exhibited some of the finest specimens of these varieties I ever saw, and in conversation with the growers of them I could not find one who thinks any of our varieties are deteriorating, except where an injudicious selection of seed is kept up year after year. I am convinced that by carefully selecting the bestshaped, medium-sized potatoes year after year there is no danger of any variety running out. How many farmers do we find who select any of their seed, be it potatoes or corn, or in fact anything else, or who make any pretense of keeping varieties separate! They may possibly keep the early and late sorts apart, as they mature at different times, but such kinds as Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron, Clark's No. 1 and others of this type are found mixed, and the method of selecting is generally done by selling the best and keeping for seed the small ones. Of course this has been one of the best seasons for years in this section for potato culture, and as a consequence they are low in price; still, while good potatoes command ready sale, poor ones cannot find a market at any price. Farmers, therefore, eve although they do not plant so many, should be more careful in selection, and with better cult-

ure would raise an article which will sell, even should it be at a low figure. In talking over potato culture with the different exhibitors at this fair. I find that those who had the finest specimens raised them in hills, having two or three medium-sized sets in a hill. Some of them preferred growing them on clover soc, while others had best success on land which had been heavily manured and a crop of wheat taken off before planting to potatoes. They unanimously agreed that it is detrimental to use fresh mapure from the barn, attributing this as one of the main causes of scab. Mr. E. Werntz, New Portage, one of the largest exhibitors, stated a good example to substantiate his views on this subject. In his potato field he manured a strip through the middle with green manure; as a result, all the potatoes growing in this particular strip of land were more or less affected with scab, and as a good many different kinds happened to be planted in it, one kind was just as much diseased as another. This in itself pretty conclusively determines that one cause, at least, is manure not sufficiently decomposed.

His Midocean Matt.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Here is a pleasant recipe which can be commended to wives whose husbands cross the sea without them: On the first night out, just as my vis-a-vis was

sitting down to dinner in the saloon of the City

of New York, a steward stepped up to him and handed him a letter, saying, "With the captain's

compliments, sir." Every night this performance was repeated. Sometimes the captain himself presented the letter. It was mysterious and interesting. The gentleman who received the letter seemed to be greatly astonished when it came to him on the first occasion, but afterward he merely showed signs of enjoyment in reading its contents. He was a very delightful man and a great favorite at our table, but though everybody was dying to know where the letters came from, nobody had the impudence to ask him. But on the day before the average and we need it. Business in the | we reached New York I happened to be standing on the companion-way with this gentleman when the captain presented the letter, and the former said, as he tore open the envelope: "Queer idea of my wife, isn't it? She sent the captain seven letters addressed to me and asked him to deliver one to me every evening before dinner. She thought I would be glad to hear from her every day, and I tell you it has been

Impure Water and Ice.

mail delivery in midocean."

one of the pleasantest events of the voyage, this

Baltimore Sun. "It is very hard," says Prof. Tonry, "to convince some people that a glass of perfectly clear, colorless water, with no odor or taste, may be more impure than water coming from the kitchen sink which has been used to wash cooking utensils, yet in many cases I have found such water as to the direct com-munication of which with a stableyard or privy-vault there could be no possible doubt." This is a striking statement, but Mr. Torny is able to demonstrate that it is based on a multitude of well-studied facts. There is no absolutely pure water in nature, but there are limits beyond which the contamination of drinking or cooking water cannot be safely allowed to go. The presence of chierine

in water indicates the kind of organic impurity dangerous to health. A drop of solution of pitrate of silver is a convenient test. If it produces in a tumbler of the water in question a white cloud, chlorine and its related impurities are present to a probably dangerous extent. Boiling will, as a rule, destroy disease germs. The popular theory that freezing purifies water Mr. Topry thinks is incorrect. "Pure ice." he says, "is almost as hard to obtain as pure water." He mentions a case where typhoid fever was traced directly to the use of impure

The Financial Struggle of Christianity.

Bill Nye, in New York World. Ever since the beginning of the Christian era, from the time when the first request was made for necessary funds to spread religion over as large a territory as possible, from the earliest and simplest religion down to the intolerance and caraway seed of the Puritans, and the more refined and spectacular devotion of to-day, the great problem, as I may say, has been how best to save the largest number of souls and still pay expenses. Every means, from the sword and the rack down to the bean-bag and the humorous lectures, have been employed to woo the coy and reluctant scudi from its lair. Gentle words, kind glances, melting tears, unanswerable logic in the pulpit and the pleadings of the press have united to build churches and to spread the gospel in order to make men better and to bless the world. (Women were good enough to start with.) But what a battle it has been to make religion selfsupporting! How many pangs, and tears, and heart-burnings, and auction-cakes with frosting on them it has cost. The financial history of religion in America has been one of uninterrupted struggle, alternate hopes and fears, oppression, exhilaration, apprehension and indigestion. Worst of all, however, good methods fell into bad bands. The unscrupulous sought to profit by the generosity and charitable motives of the people and so new methods have given place to old ones. Progress has marked the whole history. Torture and the clash of arms have given place to the grab-bag and the arts of

Checking a Gander's Roving Propeosities.

Parley's Magazine. Several years ago a farmer in Scotland kept a

gander, who not only had a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted to lead forth the geese to play the truant and stray among forbidden fields. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, the farmer one day seized the gander just as be was about to spring into the water, and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was fixed part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been expected, this bair soon caught the eye of a greedy fish, which swallowed the deadly hook, and not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander but forced him to perform half a dozen somersets on the gle was most amusing, the fish pulling and the gander screaming with all its might, the one attempting to swim away and the other to fly, the gander at one moment being ducked under the water, and at another casting a rueful glance at his snow-white company, who cackled out their sympathy for their afflicted captain. At length the gander proved victorious, and, bearing away to the nearest shere, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest fish ever caught in fresh water.

This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his vagrant propensities, and he afterward rarely ventured from his own puddle.

Two Model Widows.

Washington Letter. Nearly every pleasant afternoon a little prosession may be seen starting from Mrs. Sheridan's home in Rhode Island avenue. It is the widow of the great soldier and her four little children, all dressed in black, going out for a walk. Mrs. Sheridan's mourning, like everything else about her, is simple and unostentatious. She has not barred her house up gloomily or kept her children indoors, or done anything that is conspicuous or irrational. She has been a model of dignity and propriety. A keen observer here, who has seen a great many widows of eminent men, said the other day: There are two widows in this country who perfectly understand the proprieties of their situations. One is Mrs. Conking, the other is Mrs. Sheridan. Neither one of them has uttered a word in print, expressed an opinion regarding their dead husbands' friends or onemies, or departed in any way from the strictest seclusion. It is a pity the widows of all public men don't copy them."

The Late Lord Sackville's Will.

London Figaro. The late Lord Sackville was not popular in his lifetime, and it is doubtful whether the extraordinary will be has left behind him will cause a revulsion of feeling. Even the maids of honor, who are to benefit at the expense of Earl de la Warr and other relatives of the deceased peer, will scarcely entertain the highest respect for the memory of a man who apparently carried his spite with him into the next world. The maids of honor, by the way, are none too well paid for their arduous duties. Three hundred a year is scarcely an equivalent to a lady holding, of course, a good position in society, who has to spend several months of the year in what may be called day and night service. As a matter of fact, only ladies who enjoy excellent health ever accept the position. Perhaps Lord Sackville was really inspired by compassion in bequeathing his furniture, pictures, and bric-a-brac to the Queen's maids of honor.

A Horned Snake, Cuthbert (Ga.) Enterprise and Appeal, Mr. L. A. Duggan found and killed, on his place near town, last week, a real horned snake. We have often heard of such reptiles, but never saw one nor had any proof of their existence until last Saturday, when Mr. Duggan brought into our office the horn of one he had killed. The snake, he said, was about two feet long, and was very pretty, having a broad brown stripe upon its back, and small black stripes upon each side, extending from head to tail. Its shape was somewhat different from other spakes, in that its tail was blunt, and did not taper nicely to a point; and its head was more like that of the striped lizzard or "racer." The horn was an elongation of the tail, similar to the rattles of a rattlesnake, is about two inches long, and is sufficiently hard and pointed to penetrate soft substances. The snake seemed perfectly innocent, and made no effort to fight either with its mouth or horn when it was ap-

Gave Birth to Four Girls. Worcester (Mass.) Special. Mrs. Frank A. DeGroot, of Milbury, gave birth to four girl babies this afternoon. Mother and children are all doing nicely, but the father is badly broken up. The children are all bright and active, and cry with as much spirit and in as good voice as any well-regulated baby ought to do at their age. The smallest weighs nearly three pounds, and the others nearly six pounds each. The mother has always been in excellent health, and has had children before, but never cut up any such caper as this. The father works in Buck's chisel-works. The attending physician says there is no reason why all the children should not live. The occurrence is the talk of the town, and general interest is manifested in the young woman who has so unexpectedly increased the population of the town.

Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$6.